

New Faces, New Friends

by TTFMA

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Summary: Edward Elric didn't know what to make of them. The Teen Titans didn't know what to make of him. Edward Elric had only wanted to go back home to his brother, and meeting a bunch of heros was definitely not on his schedule. Nor was meeting a blonde haired and golden eyed enigma on the Teen Titans schedule. Rated T for mild use of colorful language.

New Faces, New Friends

'The soul and mind are connected by the body... If I let my mind guide me, I'll be able to reach the portal.' The intense deconstruction of his body upon entering the gate was as harsh as always, but Edward Elric didn't care. He was out of that hellish defective Portal of Truth created by the boss of the Homunculi, and he was on his way back to his little brother, which was the only thing that mattered. Alphonse... He must have been horrified when he witnessed Ed being swallowed by that damned Gluttony who can't keep his damn mouth shut.

"Oh? So you aren't here to get your body back?" The eerie white figure of the Truth grinned widely at Edward, amused as said person came by, intent on getting to the portal.

Oh, the Truth grinned ominously. His favorite little human was going to be in for a rather nasty shock.

Edward landed in the Portal rather ungracefully, his broken arm taking most of the fall unfortunately. He twitched in pain, allowing himself several moments of rest to try and ease the piercing pain that was shooting up his left arm, before he carefully pushed himself up, keeping most of his weight on his automail arm.

"Good... I made it." He sighed in relief. After all, this was the portal of truth he was talking about. Anything could happen, ranging from good things, to things so bad they were horrendous. And it was

usually the latter, unforunately for those who were stupid enough to have a session of 'Meet the Truth'.

Edward blinked, unsure if he had just seen what he thought he had seen at the corner of his eyes, before he whipped his head around, confirming that he wasn't actually seeing things.

"Huh? When had there ever been two gates...?" Ed trailed off, eyes widening with shock, his mouth falling into a silent gasp at the scrawny, malnourished body sitting in front of the second gate. It couldn't be... Could it? Could that really be...?

The body turned its head around slowly, allowing Ed to fully take in it's appearance, with long, unkempt blonde hair falling down the side of his hollow face, covering one eye, it left the other in full view, showing off the same golden eye that Edward knew so well.

After all, it was the same one Ed had always seen on himself every time he looked in the mirror.

"AL!" Edward screamed, his hand outstretched as he ran, reaching for his little brother's body. "ALPHONSE!"

Edward's gate creaked open ominously, the eerie childish giggles that haunted his nightmares rang out, as if mocking him, as the dark hands reached out to pull Edward in, away from his little brother.

"AL!" Edward pleaded desperately as the dark tendrils of the gate pulled him back. He couldn't leave Al in there. Not any longer.
"PLEASE! HURRY UP! AL!"

"I can't." Alphonse's body spoke weakly, as if it hadn't been used in a long time which was probably the case, a sad smile etched on his features, the very ones Edward had longed to see behind all that steel of his younger brother's current body. "You aren't my soul. I can't go with you."

Edward stared disbelievingly, as the words processed in his brain. He couldn't bring Al back...? He gritted his teeth, his eyes squeezed shut in pure grief at the revelation, sounds of pure anguish that displayed Ed's frustration and hopelessness escaped his throat as he was dragged into the darkness of the gate, the doors slamming shut.

Edward's eyes flew opening, glittering with determination, as he drew back his automail fist, and slammed them onto the stone doors, reopening them temporarily. He had to let Al know.

"AL! ALPHONSE!" Edward yelled, struggling to keep the doors open long enough to get out what he wanted to say. "LOOK AT ME!"

"Someday, I'll be back for you!" The doors were nearly closed as Ed pointed at Al with his automail, determination shining in his golden eyes. "Just you wait! WAIT FOR ME!"

The last thing Ed saw Al's body do, was smile contentedly, before the gate slammed shut once again, and left him in the darkness, content that there really was a way to return Alphonse back to normal, completely unaware that it would be a very long time before he saw Alphonse again, both his body, and soul.

The Truth merely grinned.

LINE BREAK

Edward was falling. He didn't know why he was falling, nor did he know why the Truth had decided to dump him out of it's realm from the sky. Would it really kill the Truth to just let him down nicely on solid ground for once? Without missing any body parts, at least.

Dear him, Truth just loved to mess with him, didn't it?

From what Edward had remembered, he had been in the dark void of the gate, which was then followed by the familiar flash of blue alchemical light which had then turned red, before a bright light blinded him. And the next thing he knew, he was falling.

Twisting around to see how far he was from the ground, he was pleased to see that the ground was nearing...

Maybe that wasn't such a good thing.

Yelping with shock at the approaching ground, Edward clapped his hands together and transmuted the air molecules around him to a higher density, to slow his fall, before he transmuted the fabric of his shirt to create a makeshift parachute.

Unforetunately, despite all that, Ed couldn't really prevent the rough landing, because of one reason. Edward and free falling really didn't go well together.

Edward cursed from the ground, as he retransmuted his shirt back to normal, the throbbing in his left hand getting nearly unbearable. Ugh, he should have really remembered that his wrist was broken, all thanks to Envy.

Edward blinked, realization dawning upon him. Wait a second... Where the heck were they, anyway? Ling and Envy had been there when he activated the circle.

Dread settled in the pit of his stomach. Had Ling been used as the toll, along with Envy? Envy... He didn't care so much about the homunculus, but Ling? Ed hated to admit it, but he had come to see the annoying Xingese prince who kept mooching off him for food as a friend.

Picking himself off the ground, he rubbed the small bump at the back of his head which he had gained from his little fall, and peered through his messy bangs, only to be met with an unbelievable sight. Tall buildings that seemed to touch the sky were scattered around the city, roads were brightly lit, despite it being night and was bustling with strange metal contraptions that resembled the cars from back home, only strangely designed despite seemingly serving the same purposes. And lastly, the strangest thing was the 'T' shaped tower on top of a lone island, just off the coast of a beach.

But one thing was extremely clear. This place, wherever it was, was definitely not Amestris.

"Whe- where the hell am I?!" Ed yelled out into the night. But of course, no response came.

Edward quickly assessed his surroundings, which wasn't much, as he had apparently landed on top of one of those tall buildings.

Great. Just great. How the heck was he supposed to get down now?!

Edward paused slightly, before face palming. How much of his brain was damaged during that fall?! The answer was so obvious. He could just use Alchemy to get himself down!

Clapping his hands together in a resounding clap, he quickly chose the side of the roof which led down into an alleyway so he wouldn't be seen, and placed his hands at the edge of the roof.

Alchemical light sparked and crackled, and when it cleared, a ladder that traveled down the length of the building had been formed. And without further ado, Ed grasped each pole that connected the rungs and slid down, thankful for once about having the automail. If he didn't, he would have gotten some pretty nasty burns caused by friction, seeing as how he was missing one of his gloves.

Speaking of gloves, he ought to transmute another pair soon, and get rid of the blood staining his clothes. He didn't know where he was currently, and so, he really shouldn't attract any unwanted attention. But then again, as Havoc always liked to tease him, 'attention' was basically his middle name.

Edward snorted as his feet touched solid ground once more. It wasn't like he actually attracted attention on purpose! It just happened!

"Hey, you!" A gruff voice broke Edward out of his thoughts, as he turned his head, only to be met with the sharp glint of a knife.

"What'dya think ya' doin' on my turf, pipsqueak?" The knife was too close to Edward's exposed throat for his liking, but still, the knife wasn't actually anywhere near a vital artery, so he was safe.

The only problem here was that Edward did not like being held at knifepoint. And- wait a minute... Did that bastard just call him a pipsqueak?!

Quicker then the thug could blink, the knife was knocked from his hand, and the next thing he knew, he felt as if all the bones in his nose had been broken, which was probably the case.

"Who. The. Hell. Are. You. Calling. A. Micro. Sized. PIPSQUEAK?!" Each and every word was slowly drawn out and articulated, his volume raising at every word, his fist clenched so tightly that he could practically hear the screeching of metal.

Without waiting another second to see what would happen next, the thug bolted in fear, clutching his bleeding nose. Damn, what was that kid's hand made of?! Metal?!

As the figure of the man retreated, Edward could almost hear his

little brother admonishing him for his short temper.

Pausing for a moment more, listening to his inner Alphonse, he shrugged dismissively. "Nah, that guy deserved it." and apparently, he really couldn't go five minutes without encountering some trouble.

Just as Edward finished his sentence, it seemed that all the lights in the city had gone out, considering how the lights just flickered and died, and Edward now couldn't see three feet past his own nose.

Edward's eye twitched violently.

"I swear...!"

As Edward trudged through the alley, he had nearly walked into a wall several times, and the one time he did walk into a wall, he earned a nice bruise to the forehead, much like how it would be like after an encounter with Winry's wrench. Oh, that was just painful. Edward wouldn't be surprised if he had gained permanent brain damage somewhere from all those concussions.

Finally, when he turned around another corner, -Narrowly avoiding yet another wall- he was finally met with the relieving sight of light spilling past yet another alleyway.

And who the heck plotted this city, anyway?! Why would there be an alley in an alley?!

Moving on, Edward quickened his pace to a brisk walk, now that he could actually move about with the worry of walking into something, and when he turned into that area, he was blinded by a bright light.

As his eyes adjusted, he could see that this was the exit of that maze of a alley,

and the next thing he noticed, was that there were people there, fighting.

And what strange people they were! There were six people fighting, all wearing what Edward could only describe as weird and bizarre outfits.

What.

The most crazy thing of all was the two of them were flying. Yes, flying. Without the aid of machines. That just went against all the laws of physics that Edward had known about.

Edward really didn't know what to make of those weirdos. Was sanity overrated here, or something? Why, oh why had the Truth dumped him in this weird city?!

Oh well, he had better just leave before he loses his own precious sanity.

Turning to leave, he fortunately turned around just in time to spare his eyes the agony of being blinded as one of the stray light bolts

the guy in the weird black suit with a beard and mustache that would have made Major Armstrong proud, had been shooting hit the location Ed was in.

"Hey! Watch it!" Edward yelled, his eye twitching, drawing the attention of the six people.

Edward hadn't been entirely presentable at that moment, with blood staining his clothes, and missing one of his platform boots. All in all, he looked like he had either just stepped off a battle field, or just murdered someone.

Oh, and apparently, the guy in the black suit was apparently responsible for the power outage in the city, which led to all of Edward's encounters with the walls.

"If you want to screw around so badly, do it in the day, when no actually cares! I'm absolutely sick and tired of walking into f***ing walls every damn minute! SO WILL YOU PLEASE TURN THE DAMN LIGHTS BACK ON?!" Edward had clapped his hands together during his tirade, and the minute he finished, he slammed his hands on the ground -Once again forgetting the important fact that his arm was broken. Ouch!-, and immediately, the blue alchemical light sparked as Ed transmuted a large stone fist to pummel the idiot who caused the power outage in the city, effectively knocking him out.

There was a moment of silence, where the only thing that could be heard was the sound of Edward catching his breath after his rant, before the silence was broken by the green -What?!- person exclaiming, "Dude, that was awesome! You just took down Light so easily!"

Edward raised a golden eyebrow. "Course' it was easy. He didn't bother dodging."

Turning to leave once more, he barely made it a few steps before someone else called out to him.

This time, it was the guy with the mask and the colorful costume.

"Who are you?"

His tone was laced with suspicion, not that Ed blamed him, of course. Ed himself would have been suspicious of anybody who appeared covered in blood, and took down their enemy single handedly, all the while acting as if it was just a walk in the park.

"I'm Ed-" Edward hesitated, unsure of whether or not he should give them his name, before finally settling on one name.

"Just call me Fullmetal."

[Yes! First chapter of this combined effort story with Estherrain is finally out!]

~ Gwntan12]

End

file.